

## The Home

### Two Religions

A woman sat by a hearthside place  
Reading a book, with a pleasant face,  
Till a child came up with a childish frown  
And pushed the book, saying, "Put it down."  
Then the mother, slapping his curly head,  
Said, "Troublesome child, go off to bed:  
A great deal of Christ's life I must know  
To train you up as a child should go."  
And the child went off to bed to cry,  
And denounce religion—by and by.

Another woman bent o'er a book  
With a smile of joy and an intent look,  
Till a child came up and jogged her knee,  
And said of the book, "Put it down—take me."  
Then the mother sighed as she stroked his head,  
Saying softly, "I never shall get it read;  
But I'll try by loving to learn his will,  
And his love into my child instill."  
That child went to bed without a sigh,  
And will love religion—by and by.

—*Ram's Horn.*

### Only a Boy

Forward.

There is a stirring story of a certain missionary who was sent for, on one occasion, to go to a little village in an out-of-the-way corner of India, to baptize and receive into the church fellowship sixty or seventy adult converts from Hinduism.

At the commencement of the proceedings he had noticed a boy about fifteen years of age sitting in a back corner, looking very anxiously and listening very wistfully. He now came forward.

"What, my boy, do you want to join the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you are very young, and if I were to receive you into fellowship with this church today, and then you were so slip aside it would bring discredit upon this church and do great injury to the cause of Christ. I shall be coming this way again in about six months. Now, you be very loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ during that time. and if when I come again at the end of the half year, I find you steadfast and true, I will baptize and receive you gladly."

No sooner was this said than all the people rose to their feet, and some, speaking for the rest, said "Why, sir, it is he that has taught us all that we know about Jesus Christ!"

And so it turned out to be. This was the little minister of the little church, the honored instrument in the hand of God of saving all the rest for Jesus Christ.

### English in the Philippines

Youth's Companion.

However we may regard the American occupation of the Philippine Islands as a general policy, one phase of it cannot fail to be pleasing. That is the eagerness of the young Filipinos for schooling in English, and the extensive efforts which our government is making to provide it.

The Spanish language had never been

used by the natives of the islands except by a few educated Filipinos. Spain was afraid to let the natives know too much of what was going on in the world, and did not encourage their acquiring a uniform language. The native dialects differ so greatly as to hinder all movements toward Filipino unity. The English language will give the rising generation of all the islands a common medium of communication.

The benefits that will be conferred by introducing education will be so great that they will far outweigh the cost. Moreover, the system will ultimately reduce the expense of the army and increase the earning power of the natives.

There is some sentimental interest in the thought that new peoples on the opposite side of the globe are beginning to learn English, and will perhaps before many years regard it as their own tongue. The traditions of the language are those of liberty and opportunity. It rests upon us to see that it means as much to its newest learners.

### "Not Strapped to Them"

The Congregationalist.

Sitting in an upper room where I had cause to be placed the dear, familiar things which belonged to my precious dead, I was vainly trying to think what should be done with them. There were the dear little garments and toys and dollies, the empty crib and chair of our only child, while on the other side of the room were books, notebooks, sermon plans and manuscripts of the little one's father. Thus surrounded I sat, with the bitter, eager yearning of soul

For the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still,

which only a woman as desolate as I understands.

Presently I was told that the pastor, who had taken the place of my husband, was waiting to see me. Almost paralyzed with suffering I went and said something to him of what I had been trying to do. "They are all so precious to me," I exclaimed, "that I cannot put them away, and yet the sight of them is keeping me ill by recalling associations which only mock me by their pathos."

"Yes, my poor child," said good Dr. —, "I know, but let me talk to you. In my attic is a kind of wooden machine, which I had made for one of my boys in his infancy, when we feared that he would never walk. We strapped him into it, and slowly but finally, thru his help, the child gained the use of his limbs. I keep this machine still, in recognition of the blessing it was to us. But do you fancy that I grieve because our boy can now walk and is no longer strapped to that frame of oak? Try to think in this manner of your precious things. The sermons which you have known from text to benediction, the empty chairs and little crib are but mere tools, things which were once needful but are not now. Be glad that they

were helpfully used while they were essential, but be joyously thankful now that the aching bodies and brains are no longer strapped to the machinery of mere things.

"Keep them, if you will, but it were more like your dear ones to place them where they shall still serve. Only in thought and deed do not keep your risen, glorified ones still strapped to earth's tools—mere things."

To almost every woman comes, sooner or later, the sad duty of trying to care for the belongings of those whose graves are in her heart. Is not my pastor's deeper, spiritual thought just what the sympathizing All-Father would have us carry into the performance of this sad service?

"Things, mere things," we cling to because they seem all there is left us of our sweet home life. But this is all morbid sentimentality. The real possessions are the blessed spiritual memories—the treasures which time's moth and rust cannot destroy. Why, then, pack away books to become musty and garments for the moths to feed upon? The books may be given where they will still help some one to a larger soul life, and the little clothes can relieve some tired, over-worked mother until we can almost fancy them spiritual garments which our own hands have fashioned and our dear little angel has lovingly placed on the person of some other of Jesus' messengers.

So helpful has been this thought to me that I can now handle these dear things with a smile on my lips as well as in my heart that no "strap" now binds them fast to my own life. In the heavenly home there is no need of them. And it is dishonoring the Master to withhold them from his service.

You would gladly give to some friend any tool in your possession which would help him in the erection of his house of wood or bricks. Give him for the development of his spiritual temple which he is building your choicest gifts of sympathy, unselfishness and love—gifts which must always go with the things associated with the life of your risen ones. Thus you will find your heart singing for joy because you are no longer "strapped to them."

### Value of Character

Christian Advocate.

Wherewith shall we do good? Multitudes are asking this question. They earnestly desire to be useful. They see that the world is full of sorrow and sin. They sincerely desire to comfort those that mourn, to restore those that wander, and to relieve those who are in distress. But they do not consider themselves equipped for such a mission. If they had wealth they can see how they might do good. If they were educated, if they had gifts, if they were eloquent, if they had influence, they could make the world better. But they have none of these things. They do not understand that the chief means of making the world better is within the reach of all. A godly life is more powerful for good than any other gift. The